Caſ. Fore God this is a more exquiſite ſong then the other.

Iag. Will you hear't agen?

Caſ. No, for I hold him vnworthy of his place, that does thoſe things: well, God's aboue all, and there bee ſoules that muſt bee ſaued.

Iag. It is true good Leiutenant.

Caſ. For mine own part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of quality, I hope to be ſaued.

Iag. And ſo doe I Leiutenant.

Caſ. I, but by your leaue, not before me; the Leiutenant is to be ſaued before the Ancient. Let's ha no more of this, let's to our affaires: God forgiue vs our ſins: Gentlemen, let's looke to our buſineſſe; Doe not thinke Gentlemen I am drunke, this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: I am not drunke now, I can ſtand well enough, and ſpeake well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Caſ. Very well then: you muſt not thinke, that I am drunke. *Ex.*

Mon. To the plotforme maiſters. Come, let's ſet the watch.

Iag. You ſee this fellow that is gone before,
He is a Souldier fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,
And giue direction: and doe but ſee his vice,
Tis to his vertue, a iuſt equinox,
The one as long as th'other: tis pitty of him,
I feare the truſt *Othello* put him in,
On ſome odde time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this Iſland.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Iag. Tis euermore the Prologue to his ſleepe:
Hee'le watch the horologe a double ſet,
If drinke rocke not his cradle.

Mon. Twere well the Generall were put in minde of it.
Perhaps he ſees it not, or his good nature,
Praiſes the vertues that appeares in *Caſſio*,
And looke not on his euills: is not this true?

Iag. How now *Roderigo*, *Enter* Roderigo.
I pray you after the Leiutenant, goe. *Exit Rod.*

Mon. And tis great pitty that the noble Moore

Should hazard ſuch a place, as his
With one of an ingraft infirmity
It were an honeſt action to ſay ſo
Iag. Nor I, for this faire Iſland
I doe loue *Caſſio* well, and would
To cure him of this euill: but hark

Enter Caſſio, *driuing*

Caſ. Zouns, you rogue, you ra
Mon. what's the matter Leiu
Caſ. A knaue, teach mee my d
a wicker bottle.
Rod. Beate me?
Caſ. Doeſt thou prate rogue
Mon. Good Leiutenant; p
Caſ. Let me goe ſir, or ile kn
Mon. Come, come, you are d
Caſ. Drunke?
Iag. Away I ſay, goe out and
Nay good Leiutenant: godſwill
Helpe ho, Leiutenant: Sir *Mont*
Helpe maiſters, here's a goodly
Who's that that rings the bell? D
The Towne will riſe, godſwill Le
You will be ſham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, *and Gentle*

Oth. What is the matter here
Mon. Zouns, I bleed ſtill, I a
Oth. Hold, for your liues.
Iag. Hold, hold Leiutenant,
Haue you forgot all place of ſen
Hold, the Generall ſpeakes to yo
Oth. Why how now ho, from
Are we turn'd *Turkes*, and to ou
Which Heauen has forbid the